

Something Told Me To Say It

Story: Something Told Me To Say It

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Summary: Mudshipper. Goodbyes were never hard until she lost Alex. What will that cursed word do to her now?

***Chapter 1*: Something Told Me To Say It**

Disclaimer

Lor: yep, more one shots...I'm finding these are a lot more fun than chapter fanfiction. Not sure why. Don't own Golden Sun, don't sue.

Cute little Mudshipper I thought of while doing nothing in social class.

Something Told Me To Say It

Standing over the ship's railing, Mia watched as her breath formed a small puff. They must be close to Imil now. Come morning, she would be home again. She should be sleeping, but she found herself cursed with insomnia. The thought of sleep bothered her right then. She knew why, but she didn't want to think about that either. Goodbyes had never been so hard for her. She usually reasoned that she and the other party would see each other again soon. But Mia hadn't thought this way for a long time now. In fact, goodbye was a verb she hadn't thought of since Alex left. It had just hurt too much. Although the end of the journey seemed so far away when she first met him, it didn't seem like such a nice thing now.

Isaac...I'll miss you more than I thought I would, she thought with a sigh. She wanted to tell him how she felt but the thought of maybe him not being interested scared her. What girl **wouldn't** have fallen in love with that boy?

He was handsome for starters. Tall, light, messy hair and blue eyes. Blue eyes deeper than anything Mia had ever

seen. She was one of few lucky girls that saw Isaac without his tunic, and if his perfect body wasn't enough to fall in love with, there was his voice. Soft, but strong. Honest. His personality shone through everything he did. Whether he was fighting, cooking, talking to the owner of the inn about a separate room for her...those little things Mia noticed. He was intelligent, and a gentleman, polite even when he hated someone, or what they were doing. She admired that.

More than once on her journey had it taken all her strength to hold back her tongue and keep her remarks from Alex. He would just appear to get in the way, and disappear before explaining himself, or even acknowledging her. Alex didn't know how much Mia hurt over him; she hid it well. Even from Ivan, an excellent adept for his age. Her shredded feelings for the water adept would only lead to the boys wondering if she was okay, and doubting her.

But hadn't it been Isaac who had woken up and comforted her when the adventuring finally wore her down? When she couldn't take the feelings toward Alex on her own anymore. Granted, she hadn't really thought of how it might hurt him, and she was a bit selfish to drop it all out on Isaac. But there was something behind that maturity and reassuring look on his face that let her know, no matter what the issue had been, he didn't want to see her in pain.

She cried that entire night, and he had waited until she was ready to talk. It wasn't much, but his arm around her shoulders had meant so much. She needed to know it was alright for her to still care, and he allowed her that freedom.

Isaac was the one that released me from that hell. Mia stared at the black water. I was torn between the two for so long...and he just waited. Maybe he knew I just needed some time...

She grimaced at the thought. How much did it hurt him to see her lapse back into depression about Alex? When she had just days before been cherishing time with him, even for just a few minutes. A moment here or there when it was their turn to collect firewood, or the time alone they spent while she dressed his wounds. She felt guilty now, which only added to the insomnia and the love and hate relationship she held with her feelings.

We live on seperate parts of Angara...it would take either of us so long just to see each other. I don't want to just leave Imil. I have two apprentices waiting on my return. My grandparents will miss me. I can't expect him to just...stop his life to come visit me. He'll have things he'll want to do too.

She put her head down on her forearms. Several tears fell silently to the deck, before she forced herself to swallow them down. She wasn't going to cry over this. They could work it out. She'd write him a letter, and of couse arrange to visit. The people of Imil had the Lighthouse, and the water of Hermes. She could afford to leave it behind for a little while, right? She was allowed to love again, right?

She must have fallen asleep against the railing, for when it was light out Piers was shaking her awake gently. "Mia, you really shouldn't sleep out here...what would we have done if you'd fallen in the water?"

She rubbed sleep from her eyes before replying. "Oh...I'm sorry. I didn't feel quite so tired when I came up here."

He nodded, although he looked unconvinced. She missed the look that he passed to Isaac as he returned to steering his ship. Mia resumed staring out at the water and the

lighthouse in the distance. Home. What was that saying? Home is where the heart is? Well then where is mine?

As she stared off blankly, Piers raised an eyebrow to Isaac. "You'd better talk to her before she leaves the dock," he warned. "Neither of you will be happy if you don't sort out the issue."

Isaac bit his lip and looked out at Mia. "I know. I just...I don't know what I want to say. I can't just expect her to leave Imil to stay in Vale..."

Piers shook his head, knowing that if he had to worry about that kind of issue, he'd just tell the woman, *'You and I marry. Now.'* Although he'd be a little romantic about it. But just a little bit. With little trouble he navigated around the rocky outcrop surrounding the lighthouse. He was forced to stop a little further away from Imil than intended. As everyone who had joined the journey said their goodbyes, he led them below deck.

Better to leave the unhappy couple alone for this moment.

"I guess this is it." Isaac smiled weakly, before glancing out toward the little town.

"...I guess so."

An awkward silence passed between them. With a deep breath Mia forced a smile. "Well, if you ever get tired of home - oh, not that I meant Vale isn't a nice place, I mean...if you need some time away...Imil is always open." This really was it. This was how her love story ended.

Isaac nodded. "If you get too cold, come see me. We have a large lack of snow in Vale."

She turned away. He caught the disappointment in her eyes. He stood there frozen as she began to walk off. He didn't know how things would work out. Or if they would. But after everything Alex put her through, the last thing he ever wanted to see was this beautiful girl cry.

"Mia, wait!"

He grabbed her hand before she could keep going. "Mia..."
He took a deep breath. "I love you."